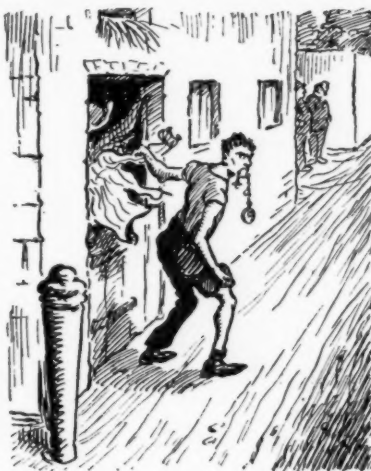




"STOP, THIEF!"



THE TRANSFORMATION.

"WELL RUN, SIR."  
"I HOPE YOU 'LL BEAT THE RECORD, SIR."

## CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the Garden Party given by the KING and QUEEN to 5,000 teachers, we understand that their Majesties, to their great regret, find themselves unable to accept all the return invitations.

There is, we hear, considerable feeling against the Government in the office of *T. P.'s Weekly*. That journal instituted a competition to decide who should be Poet Laureate, and Mr. ASQUITH coolly appointed Dr. BRIDGES to the office without awaiting the result of the competition. This action on the part of the PREMIER is all the more surprising since we understand that T. P. is an Irishman.

By the way, it is said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at first objected to the PREMIER's choice on the ground that the proposed Laureate was a medical man and not on a panel. It was, however, pointed out that Dr. BRIDGES was, in fact, a reformed doctor, who had given up medicine in favour of poetry.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's proposals in regard to our Navy have been well received in Germany.

The cruiser *Donegal* succeeded last week in salving the derelict Norwegian barque *Glenmark*. The sole occupant was a white cat, which bit a blue-jacket who tried to stroke it. Its bite was worse than its barque.

At CHRISTIE's, the other day, "The Otter Hunt," which originally cost

£10,500, was sold for £1,260. At a time when everything tends to increase in price it is good to know that in future our Landseers are likely to cost us less.

Four young women who last week promenaded Fifth Avenue, New York, in slit skirts, etc., were surrounded by an enraged mob; but the gentleman who, with the view of remedying the outrage on good taste, shouted, "Tear the things off!" must, we fancy, have been an Irish-American.

We are glad to see signs of a campaign being started in favour of red-haired men. For too long have they been treated as pariahs. We have even known their presence objected to at a funeral. This, of course, is foolish, for nothing brightens up a funeral so much as one or two of these cheerful heads.

A thief broke into a house at Great Bircham, Norfolk, last week, carried off a purse which held several new farthings, which he apparently mistook for sovereigns, and overlooked a box containing a considerable sum of money. *The Jemmy*, which is the organ of the profession, is, we understand, about to open a fund for this poor fellow, who is said to be suffering from a breakdown consequent on shock.

"The majority of small nodding animals now on the toy market are of Japanese manufacture," we read, "and are supplanting those made in Germany." Animals "mit noddings on" will no doubt be the rage this year.

Large numbers of swifts have appeared in the neighbourhood of

Epping Forest and are attacking the mosquitoes vigorously. The local powers do not propose to intervene.

By a stampede of their horses at Frensham last week the Queen's Bays were deprived of a good many mounts. They received, we understand, some most touching letters of sympathy from officers and men in our Territorial cavalry.

"FRANCE'S THREE-YEAR SOLDIERS," read the old lady. "It seems very young," she mused.

According to a Board of Trade report, the average of fatal railway accidents last year was only one passenger killed in every 68,100,000 journeys. The Railway Companies wish respectfully to draw attention to the fact that this compares most favourably with the returns as to aeroplane accidents.

Will the unrest in the Balkans ever end? The latest report is to the effect that the Danube is rising.

Functions like the visit of the Mayor and Corporation of Peterborough to inspect the Braceborough Waterworks are usually such dull affairs that we cannot withhold a meed of praise from the Chief Constable and the Councillor who enlivened the occasion, the other day, by gamely falling into the reservoir.

It is said that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is not to be offered a seat in the Cabinet. The alleged reason is that, if the seat were to be offered to him, he might accept it.

## HOME DEFENCE.

[“Mr. ASQUITH’s promise of a Bill designed to prevent England from slipping into the sea will be glad news to holiday-makers on the South and East Coasts.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ROLL on, insatiate Ocean, roll!  
Bring up your billows, mile on mile,  
Gathering speed from either pole  
To pound on our deciduous isle!  
Roll on, I say, but roll in vain!  
Never our soil shall feed your maw again.

Some years ago upon the strand  
A British Monarch took his seat  
And tried to make you understand  
That you were not to wet his feet;  
In safety, well behind the throne,  
His Court encouraged this defiant tone.

You took no notice. On you came  
(As he had been a barking pup)  
Straight for his toes to swamp the same,  
Till he removed them higher up,  
And to his courtiers cried, “What ho!  
I said it was no use; I told you so.”

To-day a louder challenge rings  
About our country’s fretted base;  
A nobler KNUT superbly flings  
His glove in your erosive face;  
ASQUITH himself arrives to bar  
Your moist advances, saying, “Sea, thus far!”

So shall “Britannia rules the waves”  
Mean that you mustn’t undermine  
Cliffs and marine hotels and caves  
And things that overlook the brine;  
So shall our empire o’er the foam  
Begin where Charity begins—at home.

For lo! our KNUT shall break your ranks  
With mole and groyne and granite wall,  
And to the strange anæmic cranks  
Who like to have their England small  
This stout remark shall he address:  
“She may be little, but she shan’t be less.”

O theme for poets to rehearse!  
Yea, well might he, our laureate-leach,  
Accost your waves in courtly verse,  
Singing “No more into the breach!”  
Or write *To Neptune Dammed: An Ode*,  
Telling him plainly, “Thou shalt not erode.”

O. S.

## THE PERFECT CRICKETER.

## XVIII.—THE CARE OF THE ROLLER.

(Somewhat in the self-effacing manner of J. B. HOBBS.)

THE best of cricket is that, if you get to the top of the tree, newspapers will pay you to write about the game and other cricketers, even if you can’t write. Of course, being at the top of the tree is itself pretty good fun, especially to a Surrey man, because at the Oval you can always count on a friendly crowd, even if they do drop their aitches a bit. And it’s true that we give them the opportunity, HAYWARD and me, to say nothing of HAYES and HITCH. Hero-worship never did anyone any harm, except perhaps the hero.

Now and then one gets a set-back, of course, and cricket’s a game where you expect it. In fact, it’s no use playing cricket at all unless you’re ready for bad luck as well as good. The best of us have our spells of bad luck—when the ball’s never bigger than a pea and the wicket’s as wide as a church door. Even W.G. (who has just had a birthday, and I gladly hold out my hand to him to wish him many happy returns, and I wish he was young enough to be among us once more)—even W.G. could fail three or four times consecutively even in his zenith. Personally I have been somewhat out of luck during a week or two of this season; however, I must admit that I was somewhat surprised before the Gentlemen and Players’ match started at the Oval when I heard one man ask another, “What do they play ‘OBBS for? A bit out of form, ain’t ‘e?” “Just a bit,” replied the other, “but they do say as ‘ow ‘e’s played for ‘is fieldin’.” This seemed to me incredible talk, and I was therefore not knocked all of a heap when I found out afterwards that the two were genuine admirers of mine, and had been put up to saying what they did by one of my rivals.

What the public don’t always understand is that a cricketer is usually doing his best, or, at any rate, if he is not doing his best he is doing something else which fully occupies his mind. Once or twice lately even I have let a ball get past me at cover; not in the least because I was fielding badly, but because I was slightly absent-minded through thinking of something else—an article for a paper, perhaps, or a new way of playing a stroke. Yet some foolish fellow in the crowd has groaned. Still the medal has its other side, for only last week I had a letter forwarded on to me at Lord’s, and the writer asked me if I would sell him the bat with which I had been making so many runs. I didn’t know whether to reply or not, because it looked to me as if it might be a piece of sarcasm, and one does not like to be “had”; but even if it is not I can assure him that I never part with a good bat—indeed, when I have done with a really serviceable weapon it is not of much use to anybody.

Next week I shall go into the difficult question of the best kind of rope to put round the pitch to protect it during the tea interval.

From the programme of a Kwala Lumpar performance of *Hamlet*:—

1. There was a king who was poisoned by his wife for she was making love with her brother in law.
2. The late king became a ghost and the soldiers who were taking charge of the grave informed Prince Hamlet the ghost told Prince Hamlet all the secret, and asked Hamlet to have his revenge.
3. Prince Hamlet disguised himself as a poor man and went to his lover Ophelie.
4. Ophelie did not make him out and she sent him away.
5. Prince Hamlet started a play, and showed to his uncle.
6. His uncle and his mother was so ashamed of this went home at once.
7. Prince Hamlet at once started for his house and killed his uncle and mother, while he was aiming at his uncle. His Prime Minister happened to pass and he was shot dead instead of his uncle.
8. His uncle at once sent him to another country for school.
9. Ophelie got mad and threw herself in a river and dead.
10. Prince Hamlet returned in his country and had a sham fight with the son of the Prime Minister and all died.

PRETTY LONG TO MENTION COME AND WITNESS THE  
DELIGHTFUL STORY.”

It is a pity that the author’s name is not given, but it sounds an exciting play, and we should like to see it, even without this further lure:—

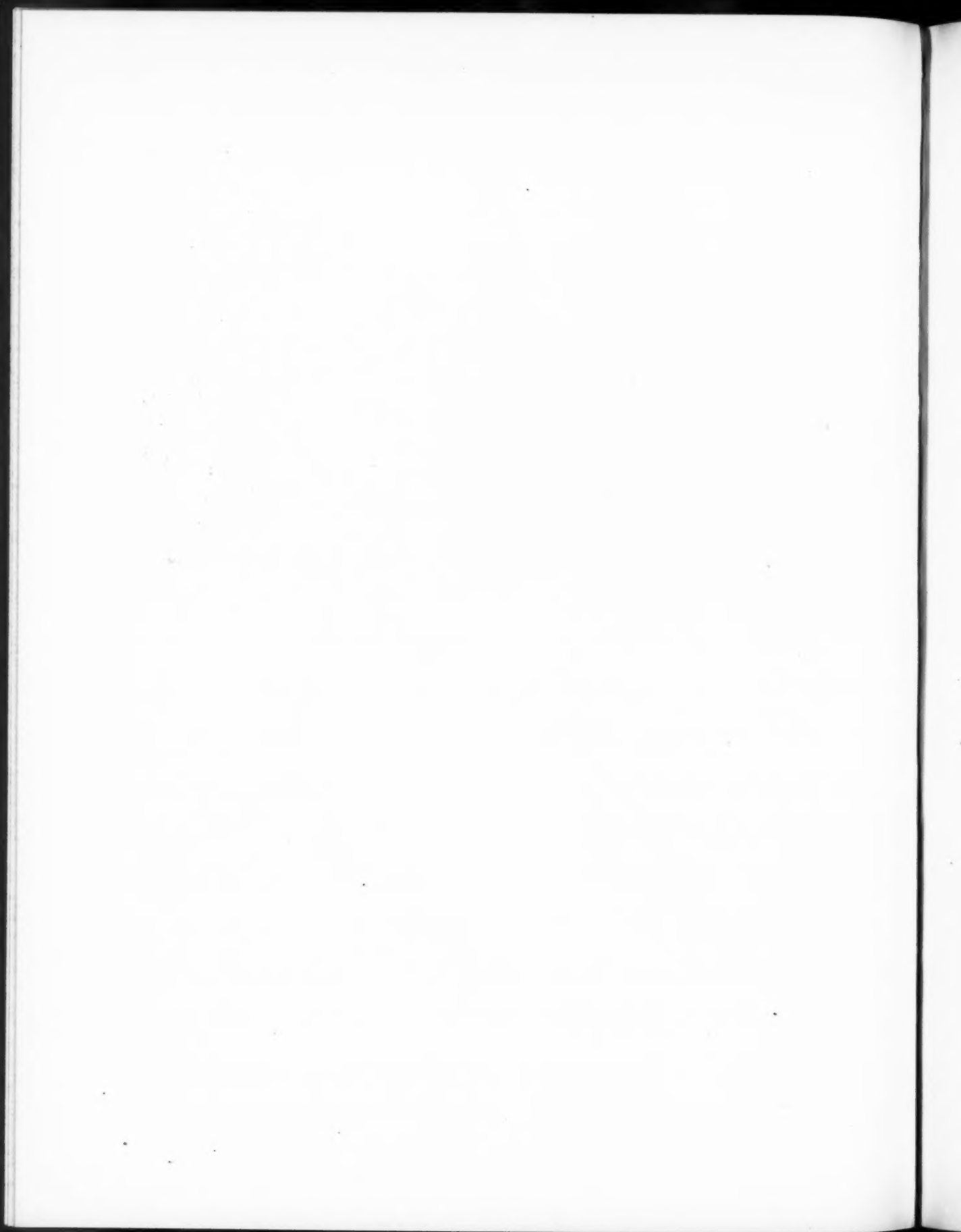
“New and novel. Lovely good. Fine and sensational. A splendid display of music, songs, scenes and costumes, &c. By our own smart actors and actresses.”



### ONE OF THE KNUTS.

MR. ASQUITH (*addressing the Ocean*). "THIS IS GETTING A BIT TOO STEEP. I'M AFRAID I MUST REPORT YOU TO THE HOUSE."

[The PREMIER has promised a Bill dealing with coast-erosion.]







## GENTILITY IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

"JUST THINK OF IT, MRS. BROWN HAS GOT THE TELEPHONE FIXED. I WOULDN'T HAVE ONE."

"WHY NOT?"

"YOU HAVE TO ASSOCIATE WITH ANYBODY."

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME NEW DEPARTURES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—An outstanding feature of the season just ending has certainly been the evolution of the bazaar. A few weeks ago somebody had the bright idea of selling badges to protect people from being bothered by sellers, but already that's *vieux jeu*. At the *Who's Who Fair* (a prodigious success, my dear, which brought in an enormous sum for a most deserving charity—I forget what) we charged five shillings admission, and we sold little ducky silk flags, with "I don't want to buy anything" on them, at a guinea each. We didn't trouble to stock any of the stalls. Fact is, we've faced the truth that *ces autres* only come to bazaars to look at us. The sensational feature was that we stall-holders wore as head-dresses our own family crests. Wasn't that a lovely idea of your Blanche's! And the loveliest part of it was to see the crests of people who haven't any! My sweet thing, it was absolutely! The Bullyon-Boundermere woman had got the Heralds' College to

find her some sort of animal, and she had it on her head carried out in black velvet and gold. "Whatever is it meant for?" I asked Norty in confidence. "I should think it's a bounder rampant," he said.

The outlying tribes came pouring down from the heights of North and South London and simply swarmed into the Fair. They all bought the little "Don't-want-to-buy-anything" flags, and then they moved upon the stall-holders *en masse*. For another guinea any stall-holder was ready to explain her crest and give a few particulars of herself. For two guineas a five-minutes' chat might be bought, in which we might please ourselves as to whether we answered questions truthfully or not; but for five guineas we pledged ourselves to stick to facts. It was gorgeous! I heard someone who'd duly planked down the guineas asking Mrs. Golding-Newman (the newest of the new people—she got there by the flukiest of flukes!) who she was and what her crest meant. "I'm Mrs. Golding-Newman," she replied with a good bit of pomp and circumstance; "and my head-dress is the Golding-

Newman crest—three goldfishes, *tachant de nager*." Wasn't that dilly? Whatever the woman supposed she was saying, it was utterly descriptive of her efforts to be in the swim. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was in great form and very chirpy, till her head-dress, the Ramsgate crest, two arms counter-embowed, the dexter hand holding a knife and the sinister a fork (the founder of their family, you know, was Grand Carver to HENRY VIII.), caught in the decorations and got pulled off; and, oh! my dearest and best, more than the head-dress came off—and Popsy is doing a rest cure! Before that catastrophe happened she'd been telling questioners, in return for their guineas, that she was thirty-five, that she'd married the late Lord R. when she was thirteen, that she had an average of twenty offers a week, but didn't mean to marry again, that she loved dancing, and that her favourite dance just now was the Leapfrog Valse.

*A propos* of Mrs. Golding-Newman, the newest woman, there's been a hard-fought social race between her and Mrs. Bullyon-Boundermere in London this summer. If one forged ahead for

a time, the other came again and stuck to her gamely. When the Golding-Newman woman had Trillini to sing at one of her parties, the B.-B. hit back by getting Twirlinski to do his *exquy* dance, "The p.m. of a Satyr," at her next affair. It was a regular ding-dong race, and no one could spot the winner, till Mrs. B.-B. came a most tremendous cropper. *Il en était ainsi*. She gave a big party, old Lady Needmore, as usual, inviting the people and receiving them, with the B.-B. in the offing. The latter, not having much to do and being obsessed with the notion of uninvited guests (and really, my dear, they've put in some strong work this season!), kept a sharp look-out for these. At last she felt sure she'd spotted one. "I'm certain," she remarked to Mr. B.-B., "that common-looking man in ill-fitting evening clothes, leaning by the door of the music-room, is one of those uninvited creatures! I'll go and speak to him." "Right you are, M'ria!" said her better half. So she sailed up to the man: "I am the lady of the house; may I ask your name?" "My name's Snaggers," answered the man. "Just what I should think it would be!" said Mrs. B.-B., with cutting sarcasm. "No person of that name was invited, Mr. Snaggers, so perhaps you'll withdraw before I send for the police!" The man shrugged his shoulders, laughed and went away. At the end of the evening Mrs. B.-B. said reproachfully to Lady Needmore, "What a pity the guest I most wanted to see didn't come! I mean the big-game hunting earl who's had such thrilling adventures. I saw his name in your list—Lord St. Aldegonde." "Oh, Snaggers," old Needmore corrected. "But, my dear woman, he *did* come! I saw him. He came rather late, after we'd left off receiving 'em, and went away quite soon, I believe. Here, somebody! Get some brandy or something! Mrs. Boundermere's fainting." It was a hard blow for her, as St. Aldegonde's been quite a celebrity since his return from his last big-game expedition, owing to his having shot an enormous creature called a mommaroo, that everybody thought was extinct. But I believe what she felt most cruelly was that she didn't know St. Aldegonde is pronounced "Snaggers"!

I'm simply *furious, chérie*, with these Balkan people for going on fighting. At that little dinner I gave for the Delegates when they were over here, I'd such a lovely talk with them and was sure I'd made a great impression. "You simply *must* come to an agreement," I said to them. "Why *shouldn't* you? What *does* it matter who the places belong to? It's *absurd*! War is all very well at *first*; it makes a little change, and often gives us a new colour or a fashion; but it ought to stop quite, *quite* soon, or it becomes a *bore*; and you may take it as a cert that the Great Powers won't *stand* being bored!"

And they were such darlings, and seemed so pleased, and laughed so much with me and with each other, that I thought peace was *assured*. It's



"'E'S A DIT BASHFUL AT FUST, MISTER, BUT 'E SOON PALS UP WIV YER."

no use trying to do good in this wicked world!

One of the new departures this season has been that several popular people have turned themselves into companies. The first to do it was Bobby Brillmore, who makes things go so splendidly at dinners and dances and country houses. And so, as old Lord Brokeystone's allowance to his younger sons is immensely tiny, and as Bobby found life a harder problem than even the *hardest* thinker does, while at the same time he was simply snowed under with invitations, he thought he'd turn his popularity to account. And now he's a company with offices in the City and a trade motto that he cribbed from Soap or Cocoa or something—"Have him in your Houses"—and anyone who wants him must take shares. (Norty says the shares are already quoted on 'Change!) Quite an idea, isn't it? Perhaps I may follow suit and become, Ever thine,

BLANCHE (Ltd.!)

## THE WATER BABY.

[“At to-day's meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, Dr. Kennedy, of Bath, said he once placed a child one year old in the sea, and it struck out and swam.”]

MASTER Bunting, who, it will be remembered, has just attained his first birthday, this morning began his attempt to swim the Channel. He arrived early on the pier in his mail-cart, and remained in rather over-animated conversation with his parents for some minutes. An enquiry by our representative as to the prospects of the attempt elicited from the distinguished swimmer a hearty goo-goo.

Master Bunting entered the sea at 9.1 A.M. He seemed somewhat distressed on first contact with the water, and kicked a good deal, but afterwards settled down to a strong over-arm stroke, which took him through the sea at a good rate.

Master Bunting was accompanied by a turbine pram-boat containing his nurse (who was seen to be reading *Home Gloats* as the small vessel cast off), a police officer (whose duty it will be to converse with Master Bunting's attendant), a golliwog, a crib, a gallon of milk, and several tins of Kidling's Food.

At 10 Master Bunting partook of a half-bottle of milk. His stroke then became stronger. At eleven o'clock, to afford him a slight diversion, a rattle was lowered into the water, and the intrepid swimmer amused himself with this for a few minutes before resuming his powerful stroke.

Later. 12.15.—Master Bunting is still going strong. A few minutes ago he howled for a spoonful of Kidling's Food. The nurse, assisted by the police officer, administered the refreshment, and Master Bunting then proceeded.

At two o'clock the golliwog entered the sea and accompanied Master Bunting in his progress over the next half-mile.

Latest news: Calais, 5.13 A.M.—Master Bunting arrived here at 5.10 this morning. He was met by members of the Oui-Oui Swimming Club. He appeared little the worse for his immersion and, after dictating a short account of his early life to our representative, he retired to his crib.



### THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

THE SQUIRE INSISTS UPON HIS CLAY BIRDS BEING THROWN BY HAND IN THE HOPE OF DISCOVERING A BORN DISCUS-THROWER.

#### THE TREASURE-SEEKERS.

ACCORDING to the New York Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN's talent for finding hidden musical treasure was recently illustrated by the discovery of a useful tenor in a rotund middle-aged plasterer engaged on the building of the new Opera House. LUIGI GASPARI, for that was his name, was dragged forth from a pile of bricks to the fire-engine station close by, where his trial performances led to a provisional engagement for the chorus.

Such episodes are interesting, but they are of quite common occurrence on both sides of the Atlantic. "Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake," but genius discovers itself to the eye that is looking for it. Only last week Signor POLACCO, the famous conductor, was passing by a cab shelter in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden when he heard the strains of the *Abendstern* from *Tannhäuser* issuing from the interior. Darting swiftly into the shelter Signor POLACCO discovered that they came from the larynx of an elderly attendant named Annibale Sparagrasso, employed to peel potatoes for the cabmen's midday meal. Sparagrasso was at once hailed off to Covent Garden, and in two days had signed a contract for five

years as understudy for the chorus in a travelling company which is about to start for a prolonged tour in Patagonia, the Falkland Isles and possibly Alaska.

A somewhat similar experience befell Madame PAVLOVA last Friday. While she was flying in a biplane over St. Albans, the famous danseuse noticed an elderly man dancing a hornpipe in a backyard with extraordinary vigour and élan. Peremptorily ordering her pilot to descend, she persuaded the dancer, a retired petty officer named Gregory Hitch, to return with her in the biplane to Hampstead. After two lessons he was offered, and has accepted, an engagement to appear in a nautical ballet as a one-legged admiral with the Russian company which is shortly proceeding to Siberia. The only condition which caused any difficulty was that which imposed a change of name, but his consent was speedily secured for the adoption of the ingenious and euphonious alias of Gregor Hitchikoff.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, while spending a recent week-end in the New Forest, was in the happy position of being able to combine recreation with benevolence. He was lunching at Lyndhurst, when, from his private banqueting-room, he heard a venerable waiter named Ephraim Jubb reciting

passages from *Hamlet* with extraordinary fervour and charm. As the result of a brief but affecting interview, Jubb consented to accompany Sir HERBERT in his motor to town and has since been given the rôle of hero in a new drama, *Bacon's Boyhood*, by Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., which will be produced at a *matinée* at His Majesty's Theatre with Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE as *Queen Elizabeth*, and the author as *Philip of Spain*. No wonder that Jubb's grandchildren are now saying that he is a made man.

#### Taking Our Pleasures Sadly.

"ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS,

By reading

THE TERROR BY NIGHT."

Advt. in "*Daily Express*."

"Lady wanted, to undertake duties of small house. Two in family, treated as one. State age and salary.

Advt. in "*Christian World*."

One of the two (to the other): "After you with the egg."

From the ticket admitting to the recent ceremony in the Henry VII. Chapel:—

"GENTLEMEN—LEVÉE DRESS

LADIES—MORNING DRESS

NOT TRANSFERABLE."

Most certainly not.



## MR. PUNCH'S SEASIDE PAGE.

## WHERE TO GO.

It has been well said by SHAKESPEARE or one of our poets that we are an island race. At this time of the year, when so many of us are leaving the towns for the purer ozone of the country, the words come home to us with an added significance. We are an island race; and for that reason the thoughts of every Englishman worthy the name will turn first to the sea.

But what seaside resort shall he choose for his holiday? That is the difficulty. Fortunately the enterprise of the Town Council of Congerville in advertising in our columns enables us to refer without prejudice to the charms of this growing watering-place, and thus perhaps to solve the doubt in the minds of our readers. Congerville—or "The Venice of the North," as it has been aptly called by the Mayor, owing no doubt to the fact that both towns are on the sea—is, to our thinking, the ideal spot for a holiday. Within such easy distance of London that the visitor who does not like the place can go back again on the same afternoon (in the opinion of many people its chiefest charm), Congerville will be found to offer unique attractions to the wearied town-dweller; and we are convinced that its charms need only to be sufficiently advertised to become known to all.

## CONGERVILLE.

"THE VENICE OF THE NORTH."

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS.

BAND. PIER. NIGGERS.

OWN SEA.

Week-End Ticket, including Hotel Accommodation and Hire of Bathing Suit, 12/9.

Come where the whelks are larger.

[Advt.]

## HOW TO BATHE.

I. On no account bathe immediately after a heavy meal. By a heavy meal is meant one weighing five pounds or so.

II. At most seaside resorts University costume is insisted on. Fortunately it is not necessary to have taken a degree in order to wear this.

III. It is bad form while waiting for your turn outside an occupied bathing machine to make sarcastic remarks to the gentleman dressing inside. However long he has been, such observations as "Mend your braces afterwards, ducky," are not in the best possible taste.

IV. Although in many places you will find notices strictly forbidding you to remove the foreshore, no objection will be raised if you should chance to take away some of the sea. At the same

time swimming with the mouth open is a habit to be condemned, particularly off those coasts where small jelly-fish (or Sea Tapioca) congregate.

V. Even if you cannot swim, you can safely venture into deep water with a pair of Phutman's well-known "EykanseeYOU's." Swimming can, of course, be taught quite easily on land, but the positions which it is necessary to assume are ungraceful, and if practised in the dining-hall of your hotel will probably cause comment. It is better to learn properly in the sea with the help of Phutman's popular invention.

## "EYKANSEYOU."

If you are an inexpert swimmer wear

PHUTMAN'S INFLATABLE SOCKS.

THEY SUPPORT THE ANKLES.

Even if your head should chance to be submerged

## YOUR FEET

will still be visible from shore, and the Coastguards will put out and rescue you.

## "EYKANSEYOU"

THE GREAT LIFE-SAVER.

"YOU CANNOT SINK!"

[Advt.]

## FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE BEACH.

A walk along the beach at Congerville or any of our Southern watering-places will reveal many unexpected treasures which the keen collector can add to his bag. One of the most common, and yet least understood, objects to be found upon the sea-shore is the *Single Boot*. One would naturally expect to find them nesting in couples, but for some unexplained reason they develop best alone.

A very common weed growing round our shores and flourishing particularly at this time of the year is *Father*. It grows horizontally; is anything from five to six feet from head to toe; and wears a paper over its face to protect it from the sun. So numerous is it that in some parts of the coast great care has to be taken not to step on it. A really good specimen will sometimes rise in the centre to a height of two or three feet, and thus afford ample shade to the weary pedestrian.

On such obvious fauna as crabs and starfishes it is not necessary to dilate at any length; the most inexperienced traveller is sufficiently familiar with them. It may not, however, be known that by far the best method of catching crabs is to tickle for them.

The process is as follows: the object of capture having been marked down in a likely pool, the hunter lies at full length upon the rocks and begins to tickle the crab gently on the chest. It

is notorious that crabs resent tickling, and in a moment the crustacean will fasten his pincers on your finger. The laugh however is with you; for, withdrawing your finger from the pool, you find that you are taking the crab with you; and with the aid of a tin-opener you can afterwards, at your leisure, remove the captured beast and transfer it to your killing bottle.

And finally, it has just been discovered that starfish make excellent and reliable compasses. Balanced carefully upon the ferule of a walking-stick the intrepid animal will invariably turn one of its feet to the north, the other extremities marking the remaining points of the compass with equal accuracy.

## BUMPO,

THE POCKET HAMMER.

Invaluable for Sea-Shore Naturalists.

BREAKS LIMPETS.

STUNS ANEMONES.

CRACKS SHRIMPS.

Take your Bumpo with you when bathing, in case a jelly-fish attacks you.

BUMPO—THE ENEMY OF WHITEBAIT.

[Advt.]

## BEACH ETIQUETTE.

Etiquette at the seaside is naturally not so formal as it is in London, and acquaintances may be made on the pier or in the sea much more easily than would be the case in Mayfair. For instance, it is permissible when bathing to introduce yourself to a stranger swimming near, on what would seem in London the comparatively slight excuse that his bathing-costume had the same coloured stripes as your own. Again, a genial remark may always be made to an old gentleman fishing off the end of the pier—an enquiry, to give an example, as to whether he had caught anything or, failing that, hoped to catch anything.

Dress again is less rigid in its cast-iron convention than it would be in Belgravia, and the ladies of your boarding establishment will probably find that a dressy blouse will be all that is required in the evening. (The word "all," of course, is used in its comparative sense only.)

Generally speaking, in short, life by the sea will be found much more companionable than life in London; and though seaside friendships do not always turn out as desirable as they seemed at first, it may well happen that you may make a life-long friend of the man whom you first made acquaintance with as you tapped the sea-weed barometer together in the hall of your boarding-house.

A. A. M.



## HAPPINESS IS ALL THAT COUNTS.

(Gallant efforts of a determined family to win the holiday prize offered by a well-known photographic firm on the above lines.)



ARRIVAL AT WINKLEBEACH.



FUN ON THE SANDS.



A DAY'S SPORT.



A GOOD TIME ON THE BRINY.



A MERRY PIC-NIC.

AMUSING DISCOVERY OF THE TRACES OF BURGLARS  
ON RETURN HOME.



*Small Boy.* "MUMMY, IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT THE DEVIL HAS HORNS AND A CLUB FOOT?"

*The Mother.* "AH! MY DEAR, SOMETIMES THE DEVIL APPEARS IN THE SHAPE OF A VERY HANDSOME AND CHARMING YOUNG MAN."

*Small Boy (pityingly).* "OH, MUMMY! YOU'RE THINKING OF CUPID."

### THE MÆNAD.

THERE is a maiden fair as dawn  
Who sometimes spies me from afar,  
And chases me on furious feet  
As down the long suburban street  
I gambol like Nijinsky's "Faun"  
To catch the infernal car.

At day-break when the winds are fresh,  
Or, more exactly, 9.15,  
Not seldom shall you see this sight,  
The nymph's pursuit, the poet's flight,  
As if he funk'd the rosy mesh  
Of Cyprus' dove-drawn queen.

It causes quite a pleasant stir,  
This hundred-yard Olympic burst;  
The newsboy whispers to his pal,  
"How exquisitely Bacchanal!"  
The loafers lay short odds on her  
To reach the tube-lift first.

So, ere the sordid years began,  
Before aphasia took the Muse,  
Athwart the uplands, thick with pine,  
His rout pursued the god of wine,  
Or shepherdesses danced to Pan  
(But not in grey suede shoes).

Breathless we run; without a pause  
We win the gates of Pluto's grot;  
She gives me neither look nor word,  
The cage descends, we join the herd,

Our ways are Sundered now, because  
I smoke and she does not.

But, though her frenzy seems to sink  
Before she grabs her swain-elect,  
Though never in her wild, wild arms

She lures me captive to her charms  
And bears me off (indeed, I think,  
The lift-man would object);

Though unconcernedly she sets  
Her hair in trim and pulls a cube  
Of chocolate from her leather bag,  
Sucks it, and opens her morning rag,

And never for my fair face frets  
Once we have reached the tube;

I love to think her hot despatch,  
The fury of her Bacchant speed,  
Is due to love, and not to this,  
That well she knows if she should miss

The train I usually catch  
She must be late indeed. *Evoc.*

### THE BITING CRITIC.

[Experiments with music on animals have revealed the fact that dogs will show a preference for, and a prejudice against, particular composers.]

WITH BACH and BEETHOVEN we tried him—

His tail wagged his wishes for more;  
With WAGNER and SULLIVAN plied him—  
He barked for a double encore.

"Now play him," I said, "ere I offer a bid,  
A passage of ragtime." The gentleman did.

As if to say, "Golly, what is it?"

He pricked up his ears at the strain,  
Then growled his intention to visit  
On someone his wrath and disdain;  
And when off the player he started to sup

I purchased that highly desirable pup.

For under my window thrice weekly  
Two picturesque aliens play;  
Scant notice they pay me when meekly  
Requested to wander away;  
But next time they come he will alter all that,

This capable critic who lies on the mat.



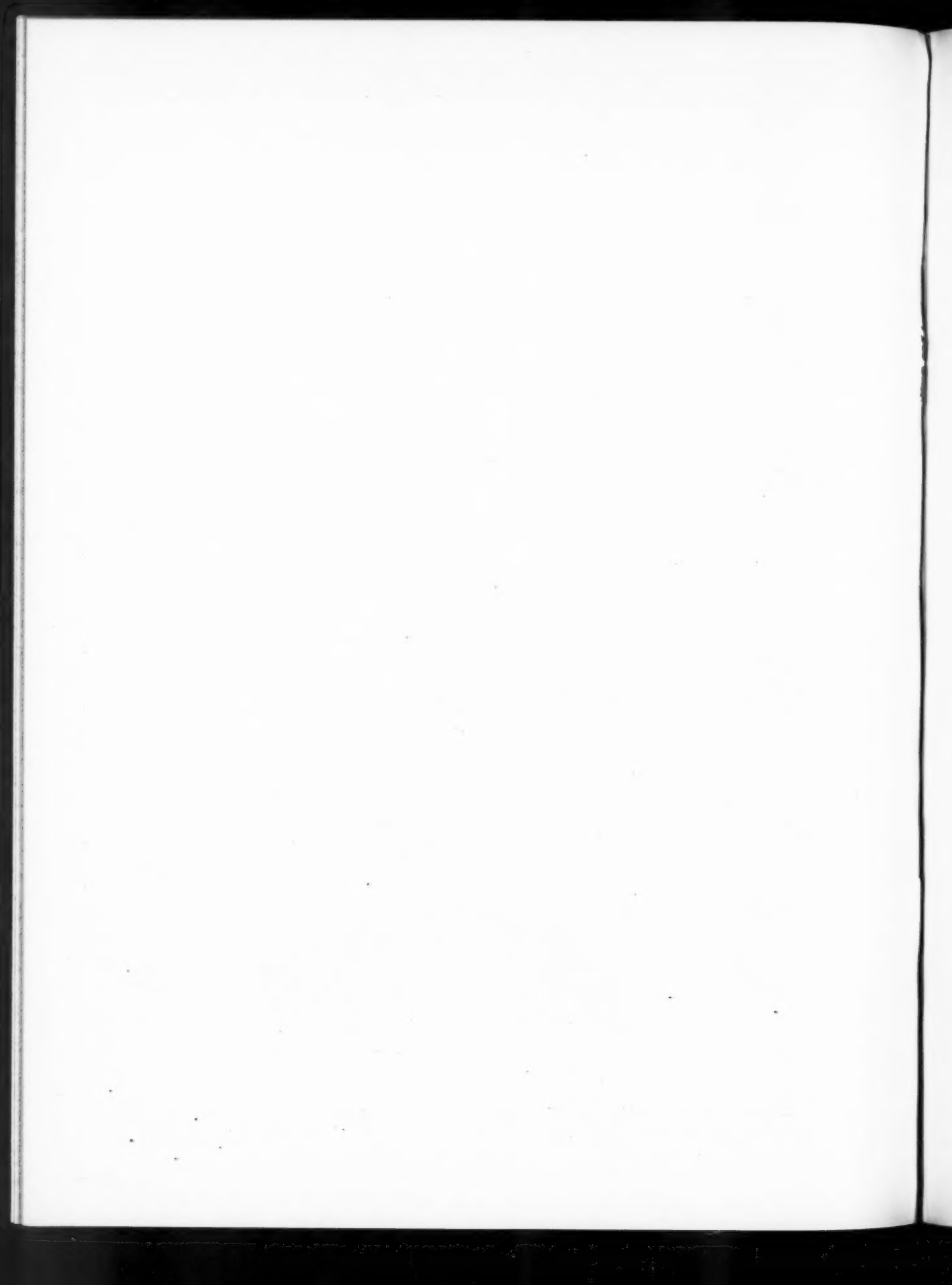
### KISMET.

TURKEY (*in Adrianople*). "QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES, BEING BACK HERE."

DAME EUROPE. "AH, BUT YOU'LL BE KICKED OUT, YOU KNOW."

TURKEY. "WELL, THAT'LL BE LIKE OLD TIMES, TOO."





**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Lords, Monday, July 21.—*

If it were customary to decorate Bishops "For Valour" surely the Victoria Cross would figure on the meek bosom of the Bishop of Hereford. Not for the first time in recent years has he stood forward to demand full consideration of a measure obnoxious to majority of peers, abhorred by brother prelates. Always something pathetic about aspect of one crying in the wilderness. Additional discomfort in reflection that there are ranged, at convenient striking distance, beasts of prey ready to spring upon the rash if chivalrous soloist.

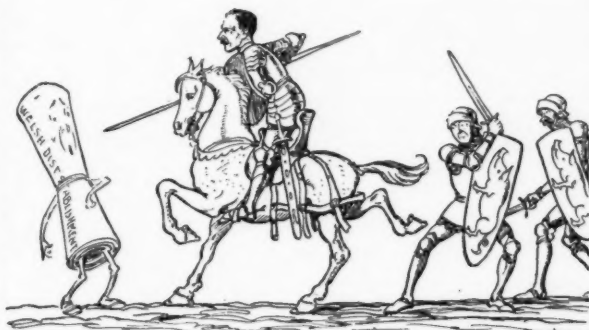
House considering proposal for Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. SALISBURY moved rejection in speech notable for dexterous back-thrust administered to his old adversary, the whole-hogger on Tariff Reform. Supporters of Bill pleaded that question had been before constituencies at last General Election, and that in framing the measure Ministers were obeying popular mandate. "Not at all," said SALISBURY. "If there had been no proposal for taxes on food before the electors in December, 1910, every candid honest Liberal knows that his party would not have won the day."

It was towards close of debate that Bishop of Hereford rose from group whose snow-white rochets cast upon Benches below Gangway what HALSBURY, looking on, recognised as "a sort of" halo. Hereford did not go so far as to support Second Reading. All he asked was that, granted a Second Reading, the Bill should go into Committee with intent to have its blemishes removed.

By striking coincidence it happened that in the Commons, within this very hour, TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN had been assaulting JOHN REDMOND in connection with BIRRELL's Bill designed to hurry up Land Purchase in Ireland. Their patriotic passion paled its ineffectual fire by comparison with the energy with which the Bishop of WINCHESTER proceeded to demolish his right reverend brother. The least ill he wished him was that he should face one of the gatherings of churchmen throughout the country who met to discuss the Welsh Bill. He

promised him that "his reception would not be at all respectful and quite the reverse of gentle."

House delightedly recognised the episcopal way of indicating a bonneting and a chucking-out.



A dexterous back-thrust at the whole-hogger by Lord SALISBURY.

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill moved by BEAUCHAMP without wasting time on a speech.



The Bishop of WINCHESTER.

*Thursday.*—Sad case this of Lord KENSINGTON. Been abroad three years serving his country; comes home; looks in at House of Lords; finds

Peers streaming into Division Lobby to vote on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill; thinks he may as well take a hand in the old game; only when coming out, finding himself tapped on shoulder by wand of "Teller" who was counting the numbers, a horrible thought chills his marrow. He hasn't taken the oath in the new Parliament.

Accordingly has no business to take part in Division. Rather fancies that Tower Hill, if not actually the block, plays a part in consequences. What's to be done?

Happily recalls lesson gleaned from earlier episode in Marconi Muddledment. Agreed on all sides that, had Ministers at outset volunteered full statement of their private dealings in the matter, the cloud would have blown over. Profiting by this experience KENSINGTON yesterday, as soon as LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on Woolsack, rose and with proper penitentiary air made clean breast of what CREWE playfully called "his crime."

To-day the Leaders of House and Opposition, having been in consultation overnight, delivered judgment. CREWE, admitting absence of deliberately evil intention, suggested, amid murmur of applause, that it would "probably be the desire of the House not to proceed further in the matter." LANSDOWNE agreed, "if only," as he shrewdly put it, "for the reason that practically no other course is open to us."

Which shows that, after all, logic has some influence upon Parliamentary decisions.

What may be described by way of distinction as the Singular Voter being thus disposed of, House turned to consider case of Plural Voter whom Government propose to abolish. Bill having that object in view negatived by 166 votes against 42.

*Business done.*—Commons discussing vote for Board of Agriculture. The PRESIDENT, a modest North-country man, overwhelmed with congratulations from both sides on his successful administration of his office. Amongst results of the year has been extirpation of Foot and Mouth Disease in England and Ireland, a task requiring tireless energy and much courage in facing protests of individuals and districts temporarily affected.



Messrs. HEALY and O'BRIEN attack Mr. JOHN REDMOND.

*House of Commons, Friday.*—A busy week. Seen introduction of new Irish Land Bill, Lords meanwhile throwing out Welsh Church Bill and one depriving Plural Voter of his ancient privilege. Important questions, these. But at close of week topic to the fore is the revolutionary procedure in Scotch Grand Committee. Engaged just now in considering delicate question of mental deficiency north of the Tweed. Natural impulse on part of some Members to place case on footing with famous Chapter On Snakes In Iceland. "There are none." Others, whilst not disputing soundness of this view, think it just as well to look through the measure remitted to them by the House.

Whilst thus engaged enter CHARLES PRICE, Radical Member for East Edinburgh, with fragrant cigar between his teeth.

Members move uneasily in their seats. Is this a case of mental deficiency, or merely absence of mind in temporary form? CHAIRMAN'S attention called to matter. He admits that on two former occasions Chairmen of Grand Committees have ruled the cigar out of order. Taking a middle course he would ignore the indiscretion unless anyone declared objection.

So far from taking that line, Members with one accord produced their cigarette cases and lit up.

With the bonds of Empire about to be severed, with an ancient Church tumbling about our ears, with the Plural Voter doomed, revolutionary procedure has under the present Government become a daily habit to which the mind insensibly grows accustomed. But, really, authorised smoking in Committee Rooms comes as a shock. If upstairs why not downstairs? If cigars, why not short clay pipes? If smoke, why not drink?

For latter luxury there is historical precedent. When CECIL RHODES was under examination by the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the dark places whence the Jamieson Raid emerged, he was accustomed, at approach of his usual luncheon hour, to send out for a dish-load of ham sandwiches and a tankard of stout. Of these he proceeded to make leisurely disposition under the eyes of hungry Commissioners.

The MEMBER FOR SARK is reminded how, whenever he, HARCOURT, LABBY and others put a peculiarly ticklish question, RHODES took an exceptionally large bite from the sandwich in hand at the moment. There neces-

sarily followed interval for masticating the food preliminary to regained articulation, a pause that, incidentally, gave opportunity for framing suitable answer.

If CECIL RHODES thus publicly lunched during process of critical inquiry why should Members of Select Committees be debarred from similar privilege? A simple luncheon, with a tankard or long tumbler according to individual taste, a cigar or pipe to follow, would do much to popularise the daily meeting upstairs.

*Business done.*—Treasury Vote dealt with in Committees of Supply.

### SCOTLAND'S NEW SPORT.

THE Scottish bailies, town councillors and others who recently came up to town in the form of a deputation to



If smoking is permitted upstairs in Committee-room, why not downstairs?

interview the PREMIER on the question of Woman's Suffrage have returned to the North very well pleased, it would seem, with their week-end in the Metropolis. The fact that Mr. ASQUITH, after having three times definitely refused to see them, was absent from his residence when they called cannot be said to have militated in any way against the success of the visit, which has been so great that it is generally understood that the Scottish Deputation Season has now begun.

The Deputation from the parish councils of Strathbogie and district, which will leave for London towards the end of August to lay before the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER its views upon the introduction of a minimum wage for agricultural labourers, does not seem to have been discouraged by the information that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will be on the Continent at the date of its arrival. An extended week-end ticket has been arranged for.

The Deputation representing the Fishing Industry, which is now being

got together at Fraserborough to wait upon the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY and discuss with him the prospects of adopting the use of cod-liver oil in the Navy, will reach London on the first Friday in September. Names are coming in very well, and it is confidently expected that special railway rates will be quoted. Curiously enough Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will be paying a visit to his constituents in Dundee over that week-end.

The Deputation of Wee Free Elders from Inverstrathbittock-on-Spey (to call upon the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND upon business that has not yet been divulged), and that of the inhabitants of the island of Tiree (to wait upon Mr. JOHN BURNS in connection with their new town-planning scheme), have apparently arranged to co-operate in order to secure a reserved saloon by the East Coast route. It is announced that they cordially homologate each other's opinions.

A curious position has arisen in Paisley, where a large and influential Deputation has been made up, which is expected to leave for the South in October. Every detail is settled with the exception of the object of the visit and members are complaining that it is well-nigh impossible for them to complete the preparation of their speeches until this point has been decided.

The Autumn Announcements of the North British Railway Company will, we learn, contain an entirely new feature which is bound to prove popular. It is proposed to issue "Deputation Tickets" on certain dates in the course of the winter, which—provided that a sufficient number of applications is received—will carry with them the best of saloon accommodation at a reduced rate.

The members of the original Woman's Suffrage Party, who must be regarded as the pioneers of the movement, have been so much delighted with their first experience that they are now arranging to take this Deputation on tour.

Meanwhile, the enterprising London photographer is quite awake to the new possibilities that have been opened up. (We do not, of course, mean the Press photographer; he has done very well out of it, but, as far as he is concerned, the boom is over.) One leading firm in Regent Street has already dispatched a traveller to the North, offering special terms for groups to be taken by appointment upon the door-steps of Cabinet Ministers. As the vacation is approaching in Downing Street, it is expected that no inconvenience will ensue.





### PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

"HULLO, BETTY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU AND PERCY DENUDING THE PLACE FOR? DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE MOVING."  
 "WE'RE NOT; BUT THE DARLING BOYS COME HOME FROM SCHOOL THIS WEEK."

### THE DESERTER

WHO REFUSES FOR THE 12TH.

How now, you faithless absentee,  
 Now that the magic Hour draws near,  
 You urge an unexpected plea  
 Of duller claims that interfere!

I thought no mortal since the Fall  
 Gifted with strength of will to raise  
 Ramparts of conscience at the call  
 Of grouse and grilse and holidays.

Review it all—the rush from town,  
 The station platform stretching far,  
 The crowds, the hurrying up and down  
 In quest of the Fort William car;

And that first moment of delight  
 When the long 8.15 swings forth,  
 To thunder through the August night  
 And meet the daybreak in the North;

Until—how great the prospect seems!—  
 The faithful George shall stand  
 Revealed,  
 And mingle in your restless dreams  
 With early tea at Whistlefield.

Ten minutes more of tea and train  
 And hasty donning of attire,  
 And then—and then your feet attain  
 The wayside goal of your desire.

I picture you the morning grey,  
 With glint of sunshine now and then,  
 And wonderful with scents that stray  
 From the wet larchwoods in the glen.

What next? a sleepy search fulfilled,  
 And baggage bundled out in tons,  
 A waiting motor slowly filled  
 With rods and cartridges and guns.

High on the pass the breeze is cool,  
 And local memories return  
 Of salmon in the Clachan pool,  
 And grouse above the Laraig burn.

So be it: stoutly you resist;  
 But wait until the Hour arrives,  
 The Hour of mountain, moor and mist,  
 And see if your resolve survives.

### ONCE UPON A TIME.

NATURE.

ONCE upon a time there was a king  
 who failed to please his subjects and  
 was by consequence in instant peril.  
 Hurriedly collecting together such trea-  
 sures as they could, he and his young  
 queen crossed the frontier one night  
 with a few faithful retainers and  
 settled in an old secluded castle in a  
 friendly country.

On the first wet day the young queen  
 was missing. High and low the re-  
 tainers searched for her, and at last  
 she was discovered in the middle of  
 an open space in the forest, holding up  
 her face to the rain.

Horror-struck, they hurried to her  
 aid; but she waved them back.

"Do let me stay a little longer," she  
 pleaded. "All my life I have longed to  
 feel the rain and I was never allowed  
 to. All my life there have been coaches  
 and umbrellas."

And again the queen held up her  
 face to the drops.

"Dancing Taught. — Step, Buck, Clog,  
 Schottische, Wooden Shoe, Ragtime, Fancy.  
 Three lessons 2/6. Stamp or call. 12 till 9.  
 Advt. in "Encore."

We hardly ever stamp, even when  
 we've come for a dance lesson; and  
 anyhow we don't keep on stamping  
 from 12 to 9. We just knock or ring,  
 and, if nobody answers, we go away  
 after the first hour or two.

"Looking from the rostrum one saw rows  
 and rows of happy, smiling faces alternating  
 with rows of huge white glistening mugs."  
 Manchester Guardian.

Why this distinction?

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE BARRIER."

IF it had been an Italian opera instead of an American melodrama, it must have been called "La Fanciulla del North-West." But the resemblance between the First Acts of Mr. HUBBARD's play and Signor PUCCINI's music-drama was inevitable, since the Drink-and-General-Utility Store is the centre of social life in these pioneer communities. The title of Mr. REX BEACH's novel refers to the invidious bar of birth which threatens to keep two lovers apart. The Girl of the Golden N.W. is supposed to be a half-breed. No one who cast even a cursory glance at the charming face of *Necia* (Miss MAY BLAYNEY) would have suspected her for a moment of being anything short of a whole-breed. As a matter of fact her parentage was white on both sides, though, in the case of her father, it was not the whiteness of driven snow, for his heart was as black as ink. All comes well in the end, though I should have liked to see her marry the picturesque trapper who never worried about her birth, rather than the U.S.A. Lieutenant who took some time to get over it.

It is, I believe, contrary to etiquette on the stage to keep a secret from the audience. Yet it was not till quite late in the proceedings that we got at the facts of the death of the girl's mother; and for a dark hour or so we were allowed to harbour suspicion about the career of her innocent foster-father. He himself did not help matters much by attempting a murder before our eyes. Fortunately he missed by six inches and eventually left the boards without a stain on his character.

The facts came out in the course of the best scuffle of the evening. The situation was unusual and could only have been possible in a tentative state of society where Justice is compelled from time to time to lift her bandage and wink openly by the light of nature.

A deadly feud divided the girl's two fathers—the real and the adoptive. Each had a sorry record, true or false, and the representative of law and order, in the person of *Lieutenant Burrell*, U.S.A. Cavalry, thought it most convenient to let them fight it out for themselves with one revolver between them. So he deposited it on the table, posted the adversaries at equal distances

from it, and withdrew from the room with the other revolver. In the heavy rough-and-tumble which ensued when the lamp had been knocked over, the adoptive father does the villain to death. Before going out to expire he gives his case away in the course of a brief, but luminous, dialogue. The impression left upon me by this hurried exchange of conversation was to the following effect:—

*Real Father.* You shot my wife!

*Foster-Father.* Liar. You shot her!

*Real Father.* Liar. She shot herself by accident!

Another Alaskan novelty was presented in the casual procedure at the meeting held for the promotion of the No-Creek Mining Company on the site of the claims—a wild scene in "The Divide of Black Bear Creek." The villain had been careful not to peg out

himself punctilious about shooting only from the hip.

But, if there were things beyond my Cisatlantic understanding, I understood enough to see that, for what it pretended to be, the play was something more than passable. You will have gathered that it was not lacking in incident; and, though there were *longueurs* in the love-making, which did not suit our hero, the Lieutenant, nearly so well as the revolver business, the interest was strong to the last. And, apart from the behaviour of one of the minor characters, the performance of Mr. HUBBARD's melodrama bore exceptionally few traces of the Surrey-side tradition.

Miss MAY BLAYNEY was a piquante heroine; Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY a workmanlike hero; Mr. ROCK (the foster-father) as sound as his name; and Mr. MATHESON LANG, the French-Canadian trapper, extremely picturesque. His broken English, with a touch in it—so I thought—of the negro quality, was very effective; and as extra-hero, of the sacrificial kind, he won great favour with the audience. Of the rest Mr. HUBERT WILLIS, in the part of *No-Creek Lee*, was very good.

Altogether, a clean piece of work, full of movement, and far better worth seeing than a great deal of more pretentious stuff; and if only our holiday invaders are well advised I don't see what's to stop the run of it this side of October. O. S.



THE HERO WINS HANDS DOWN.

*Lieutenant Burrell* .. .. . Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY.  
*Dan Stark (in the chair)* .. .. . Mr. HARCOURT BEATTY.

a claim of his own, because he proposed to usurp that of the girl on the alleged ground of its illegality, and nobody was allowed to hold more than one. You would have thought that, having meanwhile no part in the property, he had no *locus sedendi* at the meeting. Nevertheless, he went so far as to take the chair and conduct the business with a fine air of autocracy. However, it is not for our sophisticated intelligences to attempt to cope with these savage anomalies; and, anyhow, the matter was settled by arrangement, the *Lieutenant* (as usual) suddenly covering the opposition with his revolver, and making them hold up their hands. Indeed the villain passed a good deal of his time in this position, rather ludicrous when prolonged. But why, on the present occasion, when he had a revolver in one of his raised hands, he didn't let it off in the face of his enemy two feet away, I am unable to conjecture. He was not troubled with scruples; nor had he previously shown

"The Sovereign was standing under his banner and the Great Master under his, both of them now depending from the west wall instead of, as formerly, from the corner, slantwise, above the Knights' banners and therefore hidden by them."—*The Times*.

We had no idea that the proceedings were as lively as this.

"Wilkie Bard tells a story of a husband and wife who were always quarrelling. A friend called one evening and found them in the middle of a row. After the storm had subsided a little he ventured to remonstrate with the husband."

*Bradford Daily Telegraph.*

And that is all; but probably Mr. BARD makes it seem funnier.

"There were only 15 scratchings recorded for the seven faces on Saturday."

*Brisbane Daily Mail.*

This reminds us that the midge season is upon us again.



### THE "MONKEY SEAT."

Daughter. "SAY, POPPA, WHAT CUTE LITTLE THINGS THEY ARE!"

Poppa. "AND COST SOME! TAKES FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS TO HIRE A GOOD ONE BY THE SEASON, I GUESS."

Daughter. "WOULDN'T IT BE CHEAPER TO BUY ONE AND KEEP IT YOURSELF?"

### A FORECAST OF THE BRITISH ASS.

(With some slight assistance from "The Westminster Gazette.")

THE subject of the Presidential address, always canvassed with eager interest in scientific and lay circles alike, has of course been long ago definitely determined in its main outlines. Sir OLIVER LODGE intends to take a survey of the position of science generally. Happily this scheme is sufficiently elastic to allow of his dealing with a number of topics which the academic scientist would probably regard as taboo. Amongst these, we understand, are the Psychics of Golf, with especial reference to the question whether it is legitimate to hypnotise your opponent; Recent Cranial Modifications in the Midlands pointing to the ultimate triumph of a Type distinguished for its high dome-shaped Forehead; Interviews as an engine for promoting University Extension; the Poetry of the Aztecs; the Influence of Brown Boots on Telepathy, and other cognate subjects. Thus handled, the subject of his address is obviously of sufficient breadth to afford a thinker of Sir OLIVER'S notorious

versatility and range of outlook on life and its problems effective scope for an oration as stimulating and exhilarating as any delivered from the Presidential Chair.

This engaging and unconventional quality will also be found illustrated in the programme of the various sections. Of course the essentially scientific element predominates, but a certain latitude is allowed in the choice of subjects which is eminently calculated to command the interest of even the non-scientific mind.

Thus in the section dealing with Economics and Statistics there will be a remarkable debate on the cost of living. Sir HENRY HOWORTH will handle the question of Prehistoric Working-men's Budgets, Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH will discuss the Finance of League Football Clubs, and Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL will read a paper on the Kentish Coal Fields and their influence on Nonconformist Journalism.

In the Transport section such authorities as Mr. ROGER FRY, Mr. LAURENCE BINYON, Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE will take part in a discussion on "Canals

and their effect on the language of those who use them," at which a number of barges are expected to be present. In the Anthropological section Sir ALFRED MOND will deal in his Presidential Address with the Misuse of Prehistoric Oil-wells for bathing by the Troglodytes of the Caucasus, and Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD will read a paper on the Etiquette of Cannibalism. The Physiologists will have before them such subjects as "The Cause of chronic Hiccups among Caddies," a "Study of Oysters in Times of War," and a "Theory of the Behaviour of Guinea-pigs."

In the Education section a variety of intensely interesting subjects are down for discussion. Amongst these we may note "Champagne and Cigarettes in the Holidays," "Should Preparatory Schoolmasters be on the Telephone?" "A Plea for Administering Corporal Punishment to Parents," and "Ought Left-handed Batting to be Encouraged?"

In short, the programme, whether we consider its latitude or its longitude, bids fair to be as nutritive as any included in the records of British Asininity.



## THE GARDEN PARTY.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "I am intoxicated by the beauty of this day. Let us do something dashing."

"What particular dash do you feel like?" said Francesca.

"I think I've got the pic-nic feeling," I said. "Yes, I feel like a pic-nic."

"What a pity you didn't feel like that yesterday when we all wanted you to come."

"No matter," I said, "I feel like it to-day. I will carry the table-cloth."

"We shan't want a table-cloth."

"Is that wise, Francesca? A table-cloth gives an air of aristocratic ease to the humblest feast. You shake your head? Very well, then, no table-cloth. But I will watch you cutting the bread-and-butter and making the tea. The children shall carry the cake and the jam. I will choose a spot for the feast. We will go there in a boat, and, if you like, you shall do the sculling while I steer and the children all let their hands trail in the water. Yes, Francesca, I feel more like a pic-nic every minute."

"I'm sorry for that," she said.

"Sorry, Francesca! Why are you sorry? When I refuse in consequence of overwhelming work——"

"Overwhelming sofa-cushions," said Francesca.

"I repeat: when I refuse, owing to the pressure on my time, to join a pic-nic you are—I will not say angry, for you are never angry, are you, dear?—but you are certainly displeased. And now, when I propose a pic-nic, and when I expect you to dance for joy, you say you are sorry. *Varium et mutabile semper.*"

"It is useless," she said, "to fling a stupid old Latin insult at me."

"Let me," I said, "call the children and tell them about the pic-nic. They, at least, will be delighted."

"That, too, would be useless."

"But why, Francesca?" I said. "I'm quite determined to have a pic-nic."

"And that," she said, "is more useless than anything else."

"I knew it would be," I said. "I have only to express a wish——"

"And it is always gratified. But not to-day."

"And pray, why?"

"Because of the Garden Party."

"The Garden *what*?" I said frantically.

"The Garden Party," she repeated calmly.

"Gracious Heavens!" I said. "You don't mean to tell me you are going to a Garden Party?"

"I do. I am. And what is more, you are coming with me."

"We will see about that," I said gloomily. "But first let me tell you that Garden Parties don't exist. They are Victorian. They are like Penny Readings and Literary Institutes and—er—umbrella covers. Yes, they are exactly like umbrella covers. Don't you remember umbrella covers, Francesca? Some were of plain silk, others were very black and beautiful and glistened wonderfully. Everybody had them and nobody used them. We took them off and threw them away and forgot them. Francesca, there must be millions of unused umbrella covers in England. Let us start a company for the recovery of umbrella covers, but, as we value our peace of mind, do not let us go to a Garden Party."

"But," said Francesca, "it's such a beautiful day."

"It isn't really, you know," I urged. "It's only pretending. There's quite a nasty little cloud over there, and it's growing. You mark my words, it'll rain in buckets in another hour or so; and how will your Garden Party get on then? There, I felt a drop on my nose."

"But that'll stop the pic-nic, too, won't it?"

"How foolish of you, Francesca! It never troubles to rain on a quiet family pic-nic, but a great showy Garden Party brings out all nature's worst qualities."

"Well, I can't help it. You've got to come."

"No, no," I said warmly, "you mustn't take me. I don't know how to dress for a Garden Party. When you see me in a black frock coat and brown boots and a straw hat you will be ashamed of me and you will wish you hadn't brought me; but it will then be too late. It will get into the local paper. *The Daily Mail* will have a paragraph about it:—'Strange conduct of an alleged gentleman at a Garden Party.' You mustn't take me, Francesca."

"But how can I help it?"

"How can you help it! There are a thousand ways. You can leave me; you can forget me; you can suddenly begin to dislike me; you can go alone; you can lock me into the library: you can fail to find me when the moment comes; you can——"

"You needn't go on," she said. "It's not a bit of good."

"Indomitable and relentless woman," I said, "tell me at least where this Garden Party is to be, and who is giving it."

She laughed. "You're giving it," she said. "It's going to be here. Hurry up and get into your frock coat. They'll all be arriving directly."

R. C. L.

## THE GLAD GOOD-BYE.

[According to the New York correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, recent practical tests prove that the substitution of ragtime melodies for the lugubrious farewell music usually played on a big liner's departure does away with the mournful scenes attending such functions and puts everybody in the best of spirits.]

WHEN I broke the news to Mabel that a most insistent cable

Had demanded my departure to a land across the sea,  
She occasioned some dissension by announcing her intention  
Of delaying her farewell until the vessel left the quay.

I displayed a frigid shoulder to her scheme, and frankly told  
her

That no public show of sentiment my tender heart should  
sear,

For I knew the tears would blind me when "The Girl I Left  
Behind Me"

And the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" reverberated in  
my ear.

But I've recently relented and quite willingly consented  
To be sped upon my journey by the mistress of my soul;  
I shall banish sorrow's canker ere the sailors weigh the  
anchor,

And present a smiling visage when the ship begins to roll.

There'll be no one feeling chippy when the band plays  
"Mississippi"

(Such a melody would even lend a fillip to a wreck);

I shall laugh and warble freely when they start "The  
Robert E. Lee,"

And my cup will be complete when "Snooky-Ookums"  
sweeps the deck.

Tears of joy there'll be for shedding when "The Darkie's  
Ragtime Wedding"

Sends a syncopated spasm through the passengers and  
crew;

And, when warning tocsins clang go, down the gangway  
Mab will tango,

While I bunny-hug the steward to the tune of  
"Hitchy-Koo."



## A NEAR THING.

Disappointed Trundler. "NEARLY 'AD 'E, JARGE."

Disappointed Batsman. "AH, AN' NEARLY 'IT 'E!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Gracechurch* (LONGMANS) is one of those books that to some readers may perhaps seem lacking in "sustained interest," but to others, of whom I myself am certainly one, will have all the charm of true and remembered childhood. It is the record of his own childhood's surroundings that Mr. JOHN AYSKOUGH tells in these short and simple annals of a mid-Victorian country town. Exactly how far things happened just so, and how far the art of the grown-up novelist has improved upon the memory of the small boy, it is not for me to say. Perhaps even Mr. Ayscough himself is not altogether sure on this point—at least, so I gathered from his entirely charming dedication, which, as a model of such things, should not be passed unread.

Of the sketches or studies or stories (it is a little difficult to find the right word for them) that the book introduces, I liked best the group that centres in the *Thorn* family. Especially do I recall the grim little picture that ends the first of these, called "Sal Fish," which tells how *Fernando Thorn* ruined the hopes of his sister *Kezia* (who doted on him, and expected the handsome lad to marry a friend of her own) by wedding a girl who cried fish in the streets of *Gracechurch*. The sudden shock destroyed *Kezia's* mental balance; and we see her later, as the boy Ayscough saw her, a middle-aged, over-dressed woman, "as mad as a March hare," sailing in to call on the triumphant sister-in-law, "who presently would turn to look at her, without interrupting her knitting, but with a full turn of her body in her chair, as she would say, 'Fidgety to-day! Full moon,

maybe.' And *Kezia* would collapse." Without doubt the little Ayscough had an eye for the dramatic.

*Collision* (DUCKWORTH) is Miss BRIDGET MACLAGAN'S second novel, and I wish that it had more of the simple directness of her first. I am really confused as to what happened between *Gopi Chand*, *Maggie*, *Mr. Trotter* and all her other queer people who explored India together. Miss MACLAGAN is very clever; she knows how to give you a character's physical peculiarities with a mere twist of the pen; but this makes the clouded confusion of the incidents all the more to be regretted. I have, for instance, a very clear idea of that powerful little monster, *Mr. Benjamin Trotter*, and I feel that he should do most interesting things. It is possible that he does; but the author knows more about that than I do. In *Maggie*, again, I hoped that here at last one would enjoy a human and glowing portrait of a Suffragette, someone who was both real and interesting. But no, the incidents in which she shared are veiled and hidden.

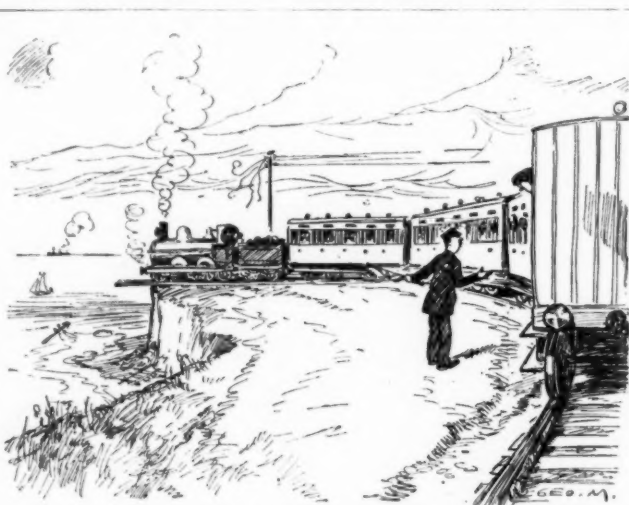
It is, I believe, "atmosphere" that has made Miss MACLAGAN so elusive. Atmosphere at any price always leads to confusion in an Indian novel, because it is so strong and highly coloured that it swallows up the characters in those clouds of yellow dust of which we hear so much. In her next book, when one of her characters inquires, "What's the matter?" (they do so continually in *Collision*), she must answer the question so that the reader can comfortably settle down in his chair and know where he is. Miss MACLAGAN is too clever a writer for hide-and-seek to be worth her while.

*Happy-Go-Lucky* (BLACKWOOD) is well-named, for Mr. IAN HAY has never drawn a more irresponsible, irrepressible hero than *The Freak*. I had indeed begun to endure this youth very gladly, when (opposite page 106) I saw an illustration of him by Mr. C. E. Brock, and my feelings received a rude buffet. Until that moment it had not occurred to me that *The Freak* could also be a nut, and the difference between Mr. Brock's conception of him and mine disturbed me not a little. Once over that difficulty, however, I derived much amusement from a book which is full of high spirits and high jinks. Mr. HAY must have been in a holiday mood when he wrote *Happy-Go-Lucky*, and seaside librarians will be tired of its name before the summer is ended. The characters—save *The Freak* himself and Mr. Welwyn—are conventional enough, and so is the theme of a rich and only son falling in love with a dressmaker; but the treatment is Mr. HAY's, which is as much as to say that it is slightly sentimental and very diverting. I must add that, if Mr. Brock had not challenged my idea of *The Freak*, I should have given undiluted praise to his illustrations.

With that jolly assurance which the modern publisher affects, Messrs. CONSTABLE have announced in divers places that *V. V.'s Eyes*, by HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON, is an advance upon his quite admirable *Queed*. Well, I wonder! It is widely different, anyway, oddly different. Not so arresting or so touched with that *bizarre* delightful humour. More possible, surely, and more real, and certainly exhibiting the same patient skill in developing character through incidents selected and arranged with seeming artlessness. *V. V.* is a slum doctor, who forgets to send in his accounts; lame and a helper of lameness in others; a believer in folk, a cheery despiser of money, with eyes that are extraordinarily (if unconsciously) appealing, questioning, restraining, compelling. *Cally Heth*, the beautiful daughter of a lesser business magnate—someone called the *Heths* "improbable" people—is intent on a successful marriage, with all the insincerity and heartlessness that go to make for victory in that ruthless quest. *V. V.'s* path crosses hers, menacingly as she thinks at first (for *V. V.* has attacked the conditions of labour at the *Heth* cheroot works), and he sows in her the seeds of a divine discontent which bear fruit in a changed outlook, so that her big fish, *Hugo Canning*, a sort of Transatlantic *Sir Willoughby Paterne*, is put back amazed into the troubled pool. I don't know if I quite believed in *V. V.'s* eyes—after all, the reader doesn't see them—but I can answer for his charm and courage and the inspiring quality of his fine philosophy of life. "There are useful people . . . and useless people; good people and bad people. But when we speak of poor people and rich people we only make divisions where our Maker never saw any, and raise barriers on the common which must some day come down." Of course this can be challenged, but it is a piece of thinking.

*V. V.* in fact is a character which any writer might be proud to father; and to have carefully cut out the sentimentality which might have spoiled it is a considerable feat of reticence. Perhaps, after all, the publishers were justified.

*The Garden of Ignorance* (JENKINS) has this quality to distinguish it from most other books on the same topic, that it really does deal with the gardening troubles of an ignoramus, and trace his gradual progress (or, in this case, hers) to the rewards of knowledge. Mrs. GEORGE CRAN is the gardener; and, whether or not her story is wholly a true one, and she did or did not in fact bring to her garden so entire a lack of experience in the first place, she certainly tells the tale of her education and ultimate triumphs in a way that is both entertaining and helpful. I liked especially the passage in which she relates how, from the chance phrase of a guest, "What a paradise this will be after you've worked at it two or three years," there was born in her mind the idea that "a garden was



Guard (addressing passengers). "THIS PLACE SEEMS TO HAVE GONE. WHAT DO YOU ALL SAY IF WE SHUNT BACK AND TRY LITTLE SPLASHINGTON? IT WAS STILL THERE WHEN WE PASSED."

[Some parts of the East Coast have been rapidly disappearing.]

a canvas on which to paint a picture in flowers and trees and winding paths." There is no question that Mrs. CRAN thoroughly enjoyed the process; and the results achieved appear—judging them by a number of excellent photographs scattered throughout the volume—to have more than repaid her efforts. Thousands of garden-lovers will rejoice in this homely and practical book, which is further enriched by a useful appendix on the various flowers mentioned in its course, with hints upon their treatment. I have already praised the photographs; to one of them, however, the frontispiece (showing a sunbath), I must take

exception. Here the Pagan effect apparently aimed at seems—in contrast to the costume of the subject—not wholly to have come off; and the only result is one of futile impropriety wholly out of keeping with a delightful volume.

#### Gleanings from History.

From an examination paper:—

"Domesday Book was published by Edward III. After it was published about four times it was called the Common Prayer Book."

"In 1666 there was a very great fire in London, which was caused by Suffragest."

"There was a case of mental deficiency which was hopeless up to eight years of age, and now the man occupies a post in the Civil Service," said Mr. Watt, M.P., yesterday at the Select Committee on the Mental Deficiency (Scotland) Bill."—*The Daily Mail*.

What was there, we wonder, about this particular case which called for notice?

M. CHALIAPIN, the Russian singer who has been having such a success at Drury Lane, has told an interviewer that his father was a peasant. This explains his talent. He comes of moujik stock.